

FAREWELL

OF

Major and Mrs. Hargrave
FROM MONTREAL.

After a brief eight months in command of the East Ontario Province, much to the surprise and regret of officers and soldiers, orders came for Major and Mrs. Hargrave to farewell.

The time was too limited to do much in the way of farewell meetings, nevertheless what meetings were held were made of much blessing to those present. On Friday a meeting was held with the Field, Staff, and Social Officers of the city, which was followed by a tea. After due justice had been done to the good things provided, the Chancellor read a farewell message from each of the District Officers, expressing their thanks to God for the blessings received and victories won under the Major's leadership, and assuring him of their love, prayers, and best wishes for success in his new command, at the same time declaring their determination to stand by his successor and push on the war in this Province.

Mrs. Hargrave then sang and spoke to our hearts, and the Major followed with some pointed words of truth, which will not be soon forgotten by those present.

The final meeting was held in the No. 1 barracks on Sunday night, with a splendid congregation present. Mrs. Hargrave read the lesson, making an impassioned appeal especially to backsliders, followed by the Major with some straight, plain, forcible truth, and, after a hard fight, we had the joy of seeing a man and woman seeking the salvation of God.

The No. 1 band had arranged to give our parting leaders a send-off at the station, but the uncertainty of the time of their departure prevented them, much to their disappointment.

On Tuesday, at 10:30 p.m. they waved us a final farewell as the train pulled out of the C.P.R. station. May God's choicest blessings be with them in their new command.—L. E. T.



Major Hargrave.

The New Commanding Officer of the Pacific Province.



Mrs. Major Hargrave.



WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

LESSON IX.—(Continued.)

Every phase of your church work will be a failure, and your life a moral blank, without the Holy Spirit. A great sermon, a great lecture, a great effort, will be nothing more than a great failure without the Holy Spirit accompanying it. If you are going to have power over the world you must have power from on high, the unction from above. If you are going to have power over yourself you must be indwelt with the Spirit's power. If you are going to have power with men, you must first have power with God. It is the unction of the Holy One that we all need to make us efficient teachers, Christian Endeavorers, ministers of the Gospel, missionaries of the Cross, and soul-winning Salvationists. The great difference between one man and another is a difference of heart. The difference between one reader and another is a difference of spiritual warmth. The difference between one musician and another is that one man is all flame and the other man is all ice. The difference between one teacher and another is a difference of fire. The difference between one Salvationist and another is a difference not so much in natural ability as in spiritual life. The difference between one minister and another is that one is a dead man—not buried, but who ought to be—the other a live man and full of Holy Ghost power. The ministration of one is a ministration of death, the ministration of the other is a ministration of life. His prayers, his sermons, his lectures, his ministrations are full of inspiration, and life, and power. It is the Holy Ghost in a man that makes the difference between a live man and a dead man. It is the Divine Spirit in him that makes him a man of

God and a power for good in the pulpit and out of it. What wind is to the sail, what a main-spring is to the watch, what oil is to the lamp, what steam is to the engine, what fire is to the furnace, what a lever is to the fulcrum, what the heart is to the body, what music is to the ear, what light is to the eye, and what life is to the man, that the Holy Spirit is in making a young man or woman an efficient worker in the church of Christ.

The Great Factor of Usefulness.

As a Sabbath School teacher, a Christian Endeavorer, a minister of the Gospel, a missionary of the Cross, or an officer in the Salvation Army, a life of usefulness does not depend upon natural or acquired abilities, the gift of tongues, the ability to speak well, or anything else so much as power from on high. A man may have all these adornments and be nothing more than a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal—a curse to any church, and not a blessing. It is men and women clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost that are needed to occupy our pulpits, our platforms, and to stand behind the desks to proclaim the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is men and women whose hearts the Lord hath touched that are needed to convert the world. It is not necessary that they should be B.A.'s, M.A.'s, nor D.D.'s to be efficient and successful ministers and soul-winners. Moses pleaded that he was not eloquent, that he was slow of speech. Some of the best of the old prophets spoke with a stammering tongue, but they spoke with power, and men and women trembled under their mighty utterances. Paul was not considered, in some circles, an eloquent speaker, for they said that his speech was contemptible. The disciples whom Christ commissioned and

sent forth to convert the world were unlearned men—but they were filled with the Holy Ghost. Billy Bray, commonly called the King's Son; Dick Hampden, Sammy Hick, Billy Dawson, were all men of mighty power, because they were Holy Ghost men, and guilty sinners wept, repented, prayed, confessed their sins, and became converted under their ministry. D. L. Moody was not an eloquent preacher, but he had power both with God and man, because the spirit of God was in him, and largely developed in him; and Catherine Booth's main power was power from on high. Thus God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence. (I. Cor. i. 27-29.) Things that are not God hath chosen. That was why He chose Jesus Christ, Who made Himself of no reputation, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Therefore God hath highly exalted Him, and that is the only way God will exalt any one of us. It was only when Luther could say, "Martin Luther does not live here."

Jesus Christ Lives Here.

That God could use Luther. It was only when Paul could say, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ lives in me," that Paul could be used of God. A Christian Endeavorer thought he had offended a Christian worker, because there was not time for him to speak at a certain convention, and wrote him to that effect. He replied, "I never thought of it. I am dead," he said. It is when we are dead to self, and sin, and the world, that God can use us, and qualify us for Christian work by filling us with His Spirit. We must get our light, and life, and power from Christ. Someone has given us a picture which has been oft repeated, of the lighting of the torches in the Holy Sepulchre at Easter-time. The building is crowded, I suppose, by a thousand or more of the members of the Greek Church. The patriarch comes—all is darkness, but they make way in

the throng as he passes along. He goes through the curtains into the place where the body of Christ is supposed to have lain, and writes—not a word, not a sound, scarcely a breath is heard. A full hour passes by, and the breathless throng wait there in the great, dense, darkness. Suddenly there is a movement; suddenly they see a spark, and out comes the patriarch from the sepulchre, out from the darkness, bringing with him light, a torch that is lighted. Instantly there are a hundred hands stretched out for it, and take the torch and pass it from hand to hand; torches are stretched out until they reach it and are kindled from it, until a thousand torches burn with the light that comes from the tomb of Christ. Out into the streets of Jerusalem, out into the highways and byways they go, and other torches are lighted from theirs, until the whole land glows with the fire that comes from the tomb of the Saviour. In closing this lesson, let me ask you to come with me into the place of the death of Jesus Christ, until we shall be crucified with Him. May the very Christ that lay in the Sepulchre light our torches to-night and hold His torch out to this congregation until the light of God and the tongue of fire shall touch you all, that you may go out into the streets, and villages, and towns, and cities, of this and every other land, and the whole world shall be touched with the light of God, and the tongue of flame, and the fire of Pentecost, from the grave of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

If you are pleasing God and your conscience, do not make yourself miserable because a few men are displeased.

"The spirit of Christianity is essentially a spirit of propagation; and everything in the constitution of the church implies a principle of expansion. A church (or corps) is, in fact, a Foreign and Home Missionary Society in itself, and every member a missionary. A member who does not seek the conversion of others, forgets one great purpose of his own, and suggests a serious doubt whether indeed he is converted at all."—Selected.

THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU



TERSE TOPICS.

The Soldiers' Year.

Nineteen hundred is consecrated in the Army, by its beloved and honored General, as a Soldiers' year. Every soldier must feel that there is a sense in which the eye of his leader is specially upon him from January to December. The General expects more of the rank and file than heretofore, and taking into consideration that the opportunities for being and doing the ideal of soldiery were never so wide and promising as at the present hour, we may also aver that our Heavenly Commander-in-Chief watches their achievements with special anticipation. Hence, this last year of the century should be regarded as a specially important one by our soldiers everywhere. It should be a year of definite soul-quickening, hastening the time when every soldier in every corps shall be a centre of spiritual life, shedding rays of holy influence as much at daily toll as in nightly meetings. Then, it should be a year of daily daring, storing every hour, as it passes, with memories of bravely conquered feelings, and unceasing search for souls. God help us to make our resolutions into realities—to resist wrong, espouse right, and win the lost with greater persistence, pluck, and patience than ever, fight real fight, and win real victory—in a word, become soldiers after our General's own heart.

A Lesson from the Front.

In a private telegraphic message to his family the last night in camp at Frere, before the crossing of the river, which was the first step towards the relief of the besieged Laismith, General Buller is said to have sent the following: "I don't know whether this thing can be done, but if it can I mean to do it." Commenting upon the momentous and difficult task which lay before him on the morrow, a reporter in the secular press points out the way in which he could sum up his own deliberate sense of the danger and risks of the undertaking and his own inflexible courage in these few simple words, adding, "It is a sentence that deserves to be remembered by men of English blood, whatever happens on the Tugela River." We would commend this spirit to every soldier of God's war. Acceptance of the danger, and daring to do in spite of it, is true heroism. There is no added courage in ignoring difficulty or belittling danger—it is foolishness to be blind to hardness, and but gives the devil the better chance to and us off our guard; but what the fight of faith wants is more of that spirit which springs in the heart of each individual fighter the resolve, "If this thing can be done, I mean to do it." Surely the soldiers of God will not let their determination for the cause of Christ lag behind that of those who strive for the cause of their country.

"Thou dost faithfully whatsoever thou doest," is Heaven's commend upon hourly heroism.

Private Excuse-me-always.

I AM compelled, man against my own will and feelings, to throw rather a dark mantle around this comrade; but, after all, such work can hardly be said to belong to my sphere, seeing my business is but to reproduce things as they really are. Therefore, gentle reader, if the mantle be a dark one, it belongs exclusively to Private "Excuse-me-always" himself—in fact, it has been actually manufactured by him. True, as you may gaze upon it you imagine it is made of different shades; but that is not so. A close inspection convinces you of the fact that the apparent different shades are in appearance only.

The real texture of the mantle which is worn by "Excuse-me-always" is pride, or, as others call it, worldliness, which makes him too ashamed of Jesus Christ and His cause to be known to be on His side. "What is very bad," you might listen, see how it is woven. There you see the thread of Inability. When the Captain approaches "Excuse-me-always" with a request to visit Mr. So-and-So, who lives down the same street as himself, and ask for the loan of his hand-barrow to wheel away the rubbish that has been got from the spring cleaning, he looks aghast and exclaims:

"Oh, Captain, I can't do that; he might ask me some knotty questions—you know he wants to know everything. Could you not get Brother Work to go?"

"God bless you," says the Captain. "I might have known he wouldn't go," he soliloquizes (almost). He is unable to sell War Cry because he has always got some other important business in hand, so that it makes it comparatively easy for him when the Pub. Sergt.-Major would push a dozen Cry into his hands on Saturday night to say:

"Oh, Sister Jones, I would gladly take them to-night, only, you know, I have business to do down town, which must be attended to. Some other night, I may lend you a hand. Please excuse me to-night."

Take another look at the garment worn by our friend: there, that peculiar-colored thread is called "Want of Voice." And so, when "Excuse-me-always" is called upon to sing a solo, it doesn't much matter whether he is inside or outdoors in the open-air, he will put his hand to his throat and give his head a shake or two, as much as to say, "Oh, Captain, my voice is entirely gone. I can't excuse me this time"; but, alas! his time never comes, as all the old hands, such as the Sergt.-Major, the Color-Sergt., etc., etc., can tell you.

Another thread that is woven into the mantle of "Excuse-me-always" is what is generally known as "Want of Time." Why, it was only the other Tuesday in the Soldiers' meeting, that the Captain had announced his intention of doing the whole town from door to door with special invitation cards, making known a fortnight of special meetings, that Private "Excuse-me-always" was filled with rapturous ecstasy at the idea; but, alas! it was only for a moment. When the Captain had divided up the distribution of his cards he was met with the dampening assertion:

"I am sorry, Captain, but really I will not be able to take them: I believe I will be working late for the next fortnight. Sorry my time is so occupied, but I believe the attempted project will be a power for good as well as for rousing the town."

Then again, he will keep on saying that he has not time to manage to get to the open-air on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday, he assures you, is the only day of rest he has got, and does not the Bible justify him in his calculation? But he is just the same during the week—yet rarely see him at an open-air. Of course, he works till six o'clock, and then, as he says, he has to walk home, take his tea, wash himself, and so on, that really he has not got the time to be at the open-air, although men and women in similar circumstances are doing so every day in the week.

Another thread may be termed "Want of Courage."

When the Harvest Festival was on the go, he got his collecting card, and, he it understood, that was the first step he had ever taken in that direction. The Captain was jubilant, and was heard to say to the Treasurer, "Why, Treasurer, do you know Private 'Excuse-me-always' has actually accepted his collecting-card? I hope he will do well."

"Well," said the Treasurer, "he will not have much difficulty in beating last year's, or, in fact, any year's, for that matter."

Still, the Captain kept on believing that he would do something substantial. Alas, for his anticipations! When the cards were handed in, all Private "Excuse-me-always" had got for the poor Captain was, "Oh, Captain, I really could not muster up the courage to go and collect!"

May God save you, reader, from ever getting into any such evil habits of excuse!

Don't Gossip

The pious Philip of Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance plucking the feathers as she went. The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction. "Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions." "Well, my child," replied Philip: "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers, which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. You cannot hope to recall more than a tittle of the damage you have done. Go, repent, and sin no more."

Commissioner Coombs on Opportunities

Oh, that we saw our opportunities! Oh, that we would only use the chance we have in every part of this country! You can't enter a public-house in this city, I believe, without finding someone prepared to listen to your message of salvation: you can't open up a conversation, in train, tram, or market, about God and eternity without finding signs of the deep hunger of the Britisher's heart for God, even if, for the moment, you are answered by derision and infidel questions; you can't visit the bones of the people without identifying the most of their miseries, and wretchedness, and poverty, with sin in some shape or form. Action, action, action is wanted—inspired by a sense of the need, and directed and blessed by the Holy Ghost."

What a Soldier Should Know

WHAT IS OUR ANNUAL SELF-DENIAL?

This is a week set apart for actual denial of self, in some form or other, for the benefit of the work of the Salvation Army.

WHEN A SALVATIONIST SHOULD DENY HIMSELF.

The life of a true Salvationist is, in many respects, a continual self-denial, but during this particular week special acts of the same are suggested; the nature of such acts is left to the choice of each individual, but, as a rule, the idea is joyfully taken up, and often carried to an extraordinary extent.

WHAT MAKES HARD SELF-DENIAL EASY.

If you absolutely give up something which, by so doing, will bring profit to God's Kingdom, not because you are asked, commanded, or expected to, but as a cheerful, spontaneous expression of your love to Him Who gave His life for you, He will give to you in return some precious blessing suitable to your needs.

HOW THE SELF-DENIAL IDEA ORIGINATED.

In the mind of our beloved General, who was anxious to extend the operations of the Salvation Army to heathen nations, without either injuring the missionary efforts of others, or the ordinary collections of the Army.

WHEN SELF-DENIAL STARTED HERE.

The Self-Denial scheme was launched in this country, as an Annual Institution, in 1888. Each successive year, as its principles became better known, and its spirit more deeply rooted in the hearts of officers and soldiers, it has boomed forward with amazing rapidity.

WHERE DOES SELF-DENIAL MONEY GO TO?

The proceeds of Self-Denial are chiefly devoted throughout the world to the Army's distinctly missionary efforts, which now include work amongst twenty different heathen races.

GRUMBLERS.

They grumble in the morning, at noon, at night, at eight. They grumble when a thing is wrong. They grumble if it's right. They grumble if the weather's warm. They grumble if it's cold. And, strange to say, they always take the dark side of the road.

These grumblers are a puzzle I never could make out. They grumble if you're quiet, and don't talk. Some grumble if we dance a jig, some grumble if we smile. Oh, dear! you'd think we're never right—they grumble all the while.

They bid me choose an easier path. And seek a brighter cross; They bid me mingle with Heaven's host. A little of earth's dross! They bid me, but in vain, once more The world's illusions try. I cannot leave the dear old Flag. 'Twere better far to die.

CHASING
THE
DEVILALL
ROUND
THE
WORLD

The General has, we are happy to say, almost recovered from his recent illness. As showing the love and esteem with which our dear leader is held, we give the following extract from Uncle Paul's notes in the latest English Cry: "The feeling aroused by the General's illness was intense. The bulletin-board never had a more anxious-looking number of gazers than on Friday, when it was stated that 'the General had a bad night, and was not strong.' Little does this world know, and our critics imagine, what a strong current of tender sympathy flows between the General and his officers. Could they have accompanied me to the several Departments during mid-day, when scores of prayer meetings are held, they would have realized what we mean when we say the Salvation Army is one. Like the heart of one man, I. H. Q. did not cease to pray for their leader, and in the spirit of a devotion too sacred for the average person to appreciate."

Commissioner Coombs has been visiting Scotland. The results were: Edinburgh, 30 souls; Dundee, 50, and Glasgow, 11.

Besides our beloved General the vicious influenza microbe has attacked not a few of our Headquarters Staff. Among others, the newly-promoted Brigadier Rowe has been laid aside for over a week. Major Taylor, of the Editorial Department, also had a sharp attack lasting several days, while Colonel Whitmore betrayed ominous signs of having to give in, despite his gallant efforts to ward off the attack.

A new barracks was opened recently at North Walsham, and a Citadel Company is in course of formation at Willeeden Green, where a good citadel is badly needed.

Colonel McAlonan has visited Berlin, for Foreign Office inspection purposes, in place of Commissioner Howard, who was detained at Headquarters by other important business.

INDIA

The natives of Talampittia, Ceylon, are a peculiarly low caste, who have been much down-trodden and deprived of almost all civil rights. One special grievance has been that they have always been considered as quite ineligible for the office of village or district headman. We have a good work among these people, and, as a result of vigorous and persistent representations to the Government on their behalf by our Ceylon leaders, two have now been appointed to headmanships. One of them is a Corps Sergeant, who, before his conversion was a notorious devil-dancer and heathen priest.

In the Central Indian Territory, Colonel Nural's officers are now selling no less than six tons of grain weekly at reduced rates, and in addition distribute another ton gratis, in handouts, to the absolutely destitute. These "handouts" are the sole link with life to many hundreds of natives; and the worst effects of the famine are yet to come.

There is not a single Cadet among the forty in our Native Indian Training Home at Anand who does not know how to read or write. In fact, many of them are in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh standards. The selection of Candidates is made from a large number of applicants, and we are thus

getting the best material. They are all young, smart, and healthy-looking lads, who would do credit to any European Training Home.

ITALY

1899 has been a year of progress all over the Territory. Two new Provinces have been invaded by the Army, our Flag being raised up in the historical cities of Venice, Bologna, and Pisa.

The Turin Training Home has given the most encouraging results, being the whole year a centre of Salvation Army life and activity.

The number of officers and soldiers has increased considerably.

523 souls sought salvation in the different corners.

The Harvest Festival effort brought an income double of last year's, and the Self-Denial Week has revealed a deep spiritual progress.

The Christmas dinner given to the poor in Turin is becoming an event more and more notorious. The most influential persons of the city, comprising members of the royal family, have given their moral and financial support for it.

All of which is proof that God is with our Italian comrades.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

The latest English Cry notes: Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker arrived in London last Saturday on a

holiness meeting in New York. Seven sought the blessing, and a special collection of \$45 was taken up on behalf of the sufferers in India.

Lieut.-Colonel Brewer is paying a visit to the Shun Posts in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia.

The U. S. Week of Prayer and Self-Denial will follow immediately after the Soldiers' Boom.

Brigadier Brengle has been conducting some special meetings at Philadelphia III, assisted by Brigadier Gifford, Major Jennings, and Divisional Staff, with the Quaker City Band. About 60 knelt at the Cross during the campaign.



Secretary Jas. N. Hyde, of San Francisco, who undertook and successfully completed the "Historic Group" Photograph.

Odds and Ends.

The 2nd Worcester Regiment, now on its way to the front, spent a considerable time at Bermuda. But two attractions were presented to the men in their spare time—the canteen, and the Salvation Army. Hence it comes that practically the whole of the battalion have been more or less under Salvation Army influences. One of the Naval and Military Leaguers writes from Las Palmas, that on the voyage out quite a backsliders' boom has been started. Few opportunities have presented themselves for meetings, but the Christians on board have formed themselves into a "button-holing brigade," and on the third day out of port the first backslider returned to God.

Major Allen's office presented an unusually animated scene recently. The cause was a 'sewing bee' in the interests of our Naval and Military Leaguers at the front. The dainty 'housewives' which they turned out are a marvel of unity. They contain strong worsted for mending Tommy's socks, khaki-colored sewing cotton, buttons, best court-plaster, a box of Homoeo, a lead-pencil, and goodness knows what other useful sundries besides.

Italian Notes.

By BRIGADIER CLIBBOHN.

Italy is keeping well abreast of the forward march of the great Salvation Army.

During the past year the two University cities of Bologna and Pisa have been opened, as well as Venice.

The Soldiers' Roll has considerably more than doubled during the past two years, and the feeling takes a firmer root in our ranks every day that the S. A. is the hope of Italy.

Our Turin Training Home is doing splendid work in turning out good officers for the field.

It is also noteworthy that the Italian Royal family have commenced to show a marked appreciation of our efforts. We have just given a Christmas dinner in Turin to the poor, and among the principal subscribers were the Princess Letitia Napoleon, sister-in-law of the King, and widow of ex-King Amadeus of Spain, a Catholic princess; also the Prefet and Mayor of Turin, and the Duke of Aosta, who comes next to the Prince of Naples in succession to the throne.

These are very encouraging indications to us of the hold the R. A. is getting on the public in this country.

As a specimen of the difficulties of the ground owing to superstition, a letter from a Jassie Candidate informs me to-day that her father has just presented a revolver at her head three times, with the threat to kill her, and then do away with the rest of the family, if she insisted on going to the Training Home.

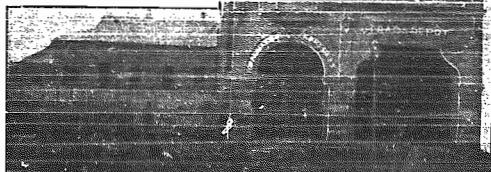
The police in many places are very favorable to us. In Leghorn eight policemen subscribed to the S.-D. fund this year.



The Two Lieut.-Colonels Evans (Father and son), and their wives and families, of San Francisco, Cal.

short visit to International Headquarters. Three years ago our beloved comrades obeyed the call of their General at a moment of sorrowful emergency. They return to give an account of their stewardship, although the facts have forestalled and preceded them. These facts speak for themselves, and speak eloquently. They will be set out, no doubt, as only our American leaders can do so, at one or more of the great meetings they will lead in London.

Colonel and Mrs. Higgins, in the absence of the Commander, led the weekly



Perth, N.S.W., New Citadel and Divisional War Office.

A Jamaican Captain.

A SKETCH.

By ADJT. PHILLIPS.

Capt. Arthur Mullens is the tallest and most commanding-looking officer we have—and we have a few tall ones. They tell me I turn after my grandfather in this respect, he says; and he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Queen's army, a race-horse owner, and a notorious cock-fighter. He is said to have died an awful death, but I am on my happy way to heaven. Thanks be to God and the Salvation Army!

The Captain's grandmother was a black woman, a slave, so that he is what we call "colored," not and black. But he shall tell the story of his life and conversion in his own way:

The Captain's Tale.

"I was born in Jamaica, so that this Island is half the world to me—and the biggest half, too. The sea keeps me back. I began to serve the devil when I had 14 years of age, learning to drink, gamble, swear, blaspheme, and to live an immoral life. Still, I prided myself that I did it 'as a gentleman,' and being very careful to dress like one, everybody took me for such. Feeling that I was a bit ahead of the natives, I started a small school in a district where there was none, and so got to be known to the Episcopal minister, who paid us periodical visits. After a while he gave me permission to conduct divine service in the school-room every alternate Sunday, and said that if I would but study theology he would make me his catechist, and would give me a regular salary. However, I thought this was too much of a good thing, and did not accept his offer. I used to read the prayers from the prayer-book, give out and help sing the hymns, and then read a short sermon, or half of a long one, from a sermon-book. Service over, I would light a candle, and the people would then go round to the back door of a rum-shop (drinking-saloon) and drink, swear, and smoke for the balance of the Sabbath.

My mother was always afraid that the minister would hear of my doings, but I don't think he was very spiritual himself, at all events, he used to smoke and drink, so could not say much to me.

"The story of my debauchery would be too black and demoralizing for public print. No horse-race, no ball-room, was complete without 'Miss Arthur,' as they used to call me.

Almost a Murderer.

"I very nearly became a murderer once. I had been provoked by a man while drinking, and I called the Lord to witness that I would take his life. Snatching a gun from the hand of a bystander, I pointed it at the man, but the cap would not go off. Then I ran and fetched a razor, but on coming back I was stopped by a number of people, who held me down while they took it away from me. Then they ran off, and I should not live any longer than three weeks. But within that time the Lord, in His mercy, changed me into another man, so that I never carried out my threat.

"It was like this. The Salvation Army began its work in an adjacent district, and one or two of my friends, whom I used to gamble with, got converted, and would gamble no more. Then I heard that our minister had preached against the Army, saying that they were anti-Christ. So, of course, I said the same thing, and determined from that time to upset them. I was too much of a gentleman, I thought, to behave like a blackguard at those meetings, so I got a friend, a man who I thought would undertake the job, and I offered him seven pounds cash, if he, with the assistance of others, would beat the Captain, smash up the drums, and pull down the booth they had their meetings in. But 'Til' he found if they didn't get hold of him, and some of his set, and the next time I saw him he'd got on a 44. per yard turkey red jacket, which he called his uniform! So I determined to go myself, and took an extra drink to give me courage, and some cigars to smoke. But it seemed as if the Captain preached about me especially, and I said if I could only find out who told him about me, I'd pop his blessed neck! So I went away swearing I would never return; but I was there again the next night, feeling as miserable as I could, and yet laughing and mocking at those who cried for mercy, and some

who fell down on the clay soil, and soiled their clothes. I gave away some cigars to friends, and we tried to fill up the booth with tobacco smoke, but it seemed to make me worse instead of better. If I'd a revolver I should have been tempted to shoot the Captain, for I felt mad when he spoke of my sin, and spoke of us as 'young church members.' When I was going out he sent a parting shot after me. Says he, 'If you go to the bottom of the sea, God is there; if you make it your habit to go any more, get away from Him.' These were the words that made me run as if someone was after me, and when I got home neither run nor tobacco could drive them away.

The Remedy.

A woman came along and saw what was the matter with me, as I lay rolling and groaning on the sofa. 'Send for the Army Captain,' she cried. And when he and the other Salvationists came and sang and prayed with me, the evil spirit that had possessed me all my life, and had grown bolder in wickedness, came out, and left me rejoicing in God's love.

"This was on the 8th night of July, 1880, and the first thing I wanted to put on was a bit of uniform, as an outward sign of spiritual grace. I joined the Army straight away, and began testifying at the meetings. Many predicted that I wouldn't hold out long, but I held out. I was a new man. I could not that to break off drinking and smoking so suddenly would ruin my health, but

I found the opposite to be the truth. Had I not stopped when I did, I should probably have been in the lower regions now, instead of being on my way to the regions above."

Capt. Mullens has been an officer for many years now, and has seen a good many ups and downs in Army warfare. It has not been an easy warfare, but he has had much to be thankful for. He has been brought before magistrates, persecuted for righteousness' sake, spat at, kicked, blessed, and cursed. On one occasion a wharfinger boxed him on one side of the face, and then taunted him to obey his Master by presenting the other side. Without a moment's hesitation Mullens did, and got the other blow. The man afterwards apologized for his cowardly conduct.

He was once asked to resign on account of a bad leg that would not get better for all the remedies applied and medicines taken. But God healed him in answer to prayer on the Sunday morn., when he went, as led by the Spirit, to the river to bathe, and it has never troubled him since.

His wife—for he got married to a comely school-mistress a few years ago—is a willing helpmate, and our two Juniors already form a part of "the coming Army." Wherever they go and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, some have been born into the Kingdom. And they ain't got weary yet. Praise God!

A Run Through India.

By COLONEL MUSA BHAI.

(Continued from last week.)

You hasten from the Home to catch the night mail train to Bezwarda, the Provincial Headquarters for our Telugu district—centuries of highway journey, during which you pass through several large towns and scores of villages, gradually leaving the Tamil-speaking people behind, and getting amongst the Telugu-speakers. This is the sweetest of languages from a soldier's point of view. The Telugus are exceedingly courteous in manner, very intelligent, but somewhat timid. We also work amongst the poor ryots or farm laborers. We shake hands with Major Subh Singh (Bhowers), who is in command of the Territory, and board the train for a thirty-six hours' journey by a fast mail train to Poona. The vast stretch of country traversed, with its millions of population, has yet to be worked by the Army. The ryots are indeed ripe unto the harvest. Oh, Lord, graciously send us the laborers!

The city of Poona is far cooler than any town or city we have yet visited. This is the Headquarters of the Maharashtra Territory. Traveling amongst the villages where we work is very tedious and slow. The Maharattas are a brave, war-like race, highly intelligent, and make very capable administrators. They have distinguished themselves as Deputies (Primo Ministers) of several Tributary Indian States, having their own Rajahs (Kings). Our work here, as in other parts of this immense stretch of country, is amongst the poorest farm laborers. The Hindoos are very superstitious and bigoted in this part of India.

It is only those who toil amongst these dark masses who can properly understand what superstition and bigotry in Hinduism mean.

Great Odds to Face.

It is impossible to convey any idea of what great odds have to be faced, and how patiently we must wait, and keep, the soul bright and fresh with Christ's love, before a few families can be captured for the Lord. Thank God, in the end there is victory.

Perhaps the village of Delgaon, near Satara, would be the most convenient place for you to visit as a sample of our Maharashtra village.

The Poor Man's Village Temple is a curious combination in this part of the country. It serves as a sort of "Town Hall" as well as a place where the idol-god is worshipped.

It is to be a sort of a triumphal day it would be for the patient, white-lasse-officer who toiled in this village, when the assembled her first few converts to worship God and His Christ in the very place where they, with superstitious fear, used to bless their idols.

Well, this happened some months ago. Since then we have made greater in-

roads; we have now a barracks of our own, where our converts, young and old, would gladly welcome you as a fellow-warrior to their new-found Saviour and Friend.

Yes! with deafening cheers and loud Hallelujahs, you would be greeted as you made your way to the platform, for did they not present their idol, three years ago, to Commissioner Howard, when he visited them, and are justly proud of their new Mukti (Salvation) temple.

Ten Years' Sacrifice.

It was amongst these people that Brig. Yuddh Bai (Bannister) ten years ago devoted her life to start the Army work. She mastered the language, and by patient plod, amidst stupendous difficulties, and almost insurmountable obstacles, fought like a true Salvation amazon, until some months ago she left for her furlough to England. We have numerous corps, several Village Schools, and hundreds of converts under her command, says Major Bahadur (Hannater). But we must hasten from this interesting battlefield and our dear comrades, and board the train for Bombay. On the way we meet one of the most skillful pieces of engineering in India, and we are not those of the world. The steep mountain ranges of Western-Ghats are successfully threaded through by rails, and amidst scenery of wild grandeur we slide down by the speeding train to low-lands and reach the little Island of Salsette, on which stands Bombay, the mercantile eye of the Indian Empire; in fact, of the East. It is a lovely, but wicked and cruel city. It is unique amongst Indian cities for a "bazaar" of languages. To small crowd of 250 people in our Bore Bunder Hall, in the city, I remember once, while leading a meeting, having the address translated into five different languages, and making many of the people present as "people of languages," message of salvation. We should have spoken in no less than nine languages to have made all the 250 hear the salvation message in their own mother tongue!

In this city Commissioner Higgins, the present Resident, and Secretary, has his office, as it is a convenient business centre. We have meetings in our hall for English-speaking people. I have been to the Headquarters, but find Commissioner Higgins is away on a tour of inspection. Major Hira Singh (Hoe), one of our Indian veterans, now acting in the capacity of auditor of finances for the district, India, is also away. But his brave and devoted wife, Anant Bai, welcomes us to benighted Bombay with a beaming smile, and shows us over the Rescue Home.

A drive on the train through the city gives us a feeling of the vastness of these Christless multitudes absorbed in buying and selling and money-making. (To be continued.)

The Lamp of His Law.

The Final Passage to the Promised Land

Joshua iii. 7-17.

This marked day in the history of the Israelites was specially important in the career of the new leader. God promised that He would at this time give the people abundant evidence as to Joshua's Divine appointment to his task, and to prove that the same power with which he had invested the leadership of Moses was also given to their present commander. This was to be done by the mighty miracle which God would work through His servant, making him the channel of Divine power.

It was not the first time that the waters of Jordan had been divided. The river's depth was fluctuating—sometimes full and sometimes shallow—and during spasmodic seasons had been known to fall very low. As with some of the other miracles wrought on behalf of the Children of Israel, the miracle lay not so much in the actual wonder as in the precision with which Providence ordained its occurrence to suit the people's need. Plagues of flies or locusts might have swept over lands before, but they came as national catastrophes, while those which came upon Egypt were the punishment of oppression and the deliverance of defencelessness. Rivers' depth might have ebbed and flowed with the sudden outbursts of natural eccentricities, but here the water's timely separation twice opened a way for the feet of the chosen people from the wrath of their enemies, and the privations of the wilderness, to the land promised of God. And what made the miracle more wonderful was the fact that the dividing of the waters came at a time when Jordan was swollen and controlled by a specially strong and swift current. But disadvantageous circumstances make no difference to God. His power can as easily thrust back the foaming torrent as dry up the rippling brook.

How different was this crossing to that of forty years before, how many changes lay between the Red Sea and the Jordan. Then they had had their enemies behind them, and an altogether unknown field in front; here they had the wilderness of their long sojourning, sinning, and repenting behind them and the foe in front—but a foe whom God had promised should be delivered into their hands. The remembrance of God's mercy behind them, the promise of His providence before them—Israel had no cause for alarm for the present with such security of the past and foretold safety for the future.

CARTRIDGES—A SOLDIER'S TEST.

Dr. Talmage says he had a man in his church "once" (mark the once) who could pray by the half-hour, but never give one cent to the collection. We have just fixed up our receipts for the last quarter's cartridges, and I have been thinking about the soldier's life of soldiery and love for God in the cartridge roll. Talk is cheap for some, and they give plenty; coming to meetings is inspiring, and they come often; while giving seems on the surface to be the easiest of all things. The soldier, however, we find a good many to-day are willing to lose much cash for Him. Let us all look into our hearts and see if, after all, we are only giving God. If so, while costs us nothing—no cross. If so, then are we becoming the subjects of "form without the power."—F. McK.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself?" said the prophet, "seek them not." Why? Because there is no greatness in things. The only greatness is in usefulness alone.

GAZETTE.

Lippincott's Special Campaign

With the Women's Social.



Appointments—

ADJUTANT BYERS, of New Glasgow, to St. John III. Corps and Training Garrison.

ADJUTANT McRAE, of Grand Bank Corps and District, to Carbonear Corps and District.

ADJUTANT NEWMAN, of Carbonear Corps and District, to Grand Bank Corps and Southern District.

ENSIGN KNIGHT, of Woodstock, N. B., to Calais, Me.

ENSIGN TAYLOR, late of Regina, to Valley City Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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All manuscripts to be written, and all changes of address, should be addressed to THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All manuscripts, written matter intended for publication, should be sent at the rate of one cent postage per two ounces. If enclosed in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

Prepare for the Siege.

We presume that Salvationists everywhere have read the General's stirring article, "What Shall we Do with the Last Year of the Century?" and its fervent zeal has roused rank and file to more desperate daring in the cause of our Master. There is no use denying the fact that saving souls to-day requires more energy than it did ten years ago. Increased religious tolerance has come arm in arm with increased indifference. To overcome this let me—alone attitude one has to make a mighty effort, equal to lifting a great dead weight. But what is futile in human strength becomes gloriously possible in the strength of God. In His strength the simple become wiser than the crafty, and the weak become more powerful than the strong of the world. Let us fling ourselves, therefore, unreservedly upon the abundant resources of Faith and Love Divine, and we shall then be so well prepared for the great Siege—which is approaching, that there will be the assurance of a great victory, even as we enter the battle.

"Forward! in the cause of Christ be daring!
For His sake with joy all hardness bearing!

Though the foe in fierce array
Seek to fill you with dismay,
In the might of Judah's Lion, forward go!"

HAMILTON I.

(Special.)

We had a special visit from Brigadier Gaskin last Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The P. O. was received with enthusiasm. Splendid meetings, good crowds, hand played fine, 7 new soldiers enrolled, one baby dedicated, four seekers at the pentecost room. Grandly successful banquet Monday. Glorious meeting, Mayor Twizel presided; spoke eloquently of the S. A. work. Citadel filled. Finances excellent.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

Is Heaven a place, or state of mind?
Let old experience tell!
Love carried Heaven where'er it goes,
And Hatred carries Hell.
—Charles McKay.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS.

CONDUCTED BY

A Farewell and Welcome—New Members Installed in Toronto League of Mercy.

The old Training Home Corps is in the midst of a good, old-fashioned revival. It has long been the wish of one of its soldiers (Lieut.-Colonel Margetts) to devote himself to a salvation campaign at his home corps, and at last the opportunity has arrived. With him in the effort are, of course, the officers and Cadets, as well as the following Headquarters' officers, who are also soldiers in the corps: Brigadier Puzmore, Major Collier (the corps Treasurer), Staff Capt. Creighton (Sectional Junior worker), Adjt. Wiseman (Recruiting Sergeant), Adjt. Attwell (B. of L. Sergt.-Major), with Major and Mrs. McMillan, who have been resting, and other officers who come along to give a helping hand. The soldiers, too, are with us in great earnestness. The effort dated from Jan. 10th to 30th, and was systematically organized and the whole district canvassed. The duties of Open-Air Sergeant, Singing Master, Advertising Agent, and Secretary were taken up by Major Collier, Staff-Captain Creighton, and Adjt. Wiseman and Attwell. Brigadier Gaskin led a preliminary soldiers' meeting, and all pledged themselves to a special season of prayer and earnest effort. With notices in the papers, doggers delivered up and down the streets, a large transparency for the marches, and notices at the street corners, the meetings were well advertised. As a result, the large hall was full Sunday afternoon and nearly so at night.

The Friday holiness meeting was the occasion of the first appearance of the Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Margetts. It augured well for the success of the campaign.

Two good cases were captured on Saturday, and two more Sunday night.

We had an excellent Sunday. Mrs. Margetts took a prominent part in the meetings, while the Lieut.-Colonel's addresses were with power and effect.

We are continuing all the week, and will report thereon later.—B. O. L.

HONOR ROLL

OF

SELF-DENIAL CHAMPION COLLECTORS.

According to the notice given in the S.-D. Hand-Book, we herewith publish a list of those officers and soldiers who gave or collected ten dollars and over during the recent Self-Denial Week. We shall continue this Honor Roll from week to week, as the returns reach us.

III.—EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Bro. Scruton, Montreal I.	101.05
Ensign Yerec, Montreal III.	109.40
Capt. Mumford, St. Albans	67.53
Ensign Ward, Kingston	62.00
Capt. French, Kingston	60.00
Bro. Cusick, Quebec	58.00
Capt. Burtch, Brockville	50.00
Adjt. Goodwin, Montreal I.	50.00
Staff-Capt. Burdill, Peterboro	48.01
Bro. Baird, Montreal I.	46.00
Ensign and Mrs. Sims, Barre	46.00
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	46.00
Capt. H. Young, St. Johnsbury	41.25
Capt. N. McNaney, St. Johnsbury	41.25
Bro. Harding, Montreal I.	39.25
Mrs. Sheldon, Brockville	35.00
Capt. Yake, Peterboro	35.00
Lieut. S. Ash, Morrisburg	34.45
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	34.45
Randmaster Smith, Montreal I.	32.75
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville	32.00
Sister Fraser, Montreal I.	21.75
Cadet Hicke, St. Albans	30.24
Sergt.-Major Braun, Peterboro	30.00
Bro. Brown, Burlington	30.00
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	30.00
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	30.00
Sergt. Cummings, Montreal I.	27.00

Capt. Magee, Campbellford, Ont.	26.31
Annie Nostray, Montreal I.	26.28
Loveday Webber, Montreal I.	26.25
Mrs. Lewis, Montreal	25.00
Dundaster Denny, Kingston	25.00
Mrs. T. Wilcox, Montreal II.	23.50
Bro. Stone and wife, Peterboro	23.00
Sister E. Wright, Montreal I.	21.50
Sister E. Gatehouse, Montreal I.	21.50
Reese Cummings, Montreal I.	20.45
Bro. Knowland, Montreal I.	19.25
Sergt. Colley, Montreal I.	18.75
M. T. Butcher, Peterboro	18.00
Bro. Chas. Garrett, Tweed	17.80
Capt. Rainforth, Cornwall	17.74
Sister Benson, Montreal I.	17.00
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	16.70
Sister Veale, Barre	15.90
Miss Goodier, Montreal I.	15.00
Friend G. Steele, Perth	15.00
Mr. John McDonald, Sunbury	14.75
Nellie Bacon, Peterboro	12.50
Sergt.-Major Lee, Kingston	12.25
Sergt. Goodale, Montreal I.	12.00
Lieut. Brooklets, Montreal I.	12.00
Anale Downey, Kingston	12.00
Sister Berry, Quebec	12.00
Bro. Keese, Montreal I.	11.66
George Rutledge, Arnprior	11.20
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	11.00
Sister Libbie Russell, Millbrook	11.00
Sister Jessie Ross, Barre	10.50
Bro. Baird, Montreal I.	10.00
Sister Pearson, Montreal I.	10.00
Bro. Symington, Montreal I.	10.00
Mrs. Hall, Barre	10.00
Bro. W. Reddie, St. Johnsbury	10.00
Mrs. S. Taylor, Montreal II.	10.00
Thos. Garvin, Arnprior	10.00
Capt. Crego, Ontario	10.00
Sergt.-Major Proctor, St. Johnsbury	10.00

THE WAR.

As we go to press the last news seems to promise a speedy relief of Ladzmita. General Buller has crossed the Tugela River in two places, west of Colenso, at Potgieter's Drift, and near Acton Homes, and was slowly pressing forward on the right flank of the Boer outposts, at the same time holding the enemy at Colenso. The first engagement after crossing the Tugela took place near Acton Homes, where Lord Dundonald surprised a party of Boers, killing 21 and capturing 15. There has been heavy fighting all day Saturday and Sunday. General Warren's force being in action from 6 in the morning till 7 in the evening, without interruption, on Saturday. The only details received of these two days' fighting is a cable announcing that ten officers and 270 men were wounded in the fighting. —Mafeking is still holding out. One of the British forts east of the town has been demolished. Colonel Baden-Powell has made another sortie. On Jan 3rd the garrison succeeded in capturing a few guns in the darkness as he burst on the Boer siege gun, and succeeded the battery until afternoon of the next day, when a rapid fire was opened which apparently displaced the heavy Boer gun, which was afterwards moved 700 yards back. The Boers continued their bombardment occasionally using 100-lb. shells. They have recently fired on the women's laager, killing two children and injuring another. The Boers are using a new shell, which ignites when it comes in contact with the air. Colonel Plumer is steadily advancing from the north to relieve Mafeking. He has three armored trains with his troops. —General Wood, with troops of all arms has established, for the first time in this war, a post in the enemy's country at Zoutpansdrift, north of the Orange River. —300 Boers near Dordrecht advanced within sight of the British outposts to protect rebel farmers while they were reaping their harvest. —General Methuen has shown some activity again. There was a rumor that he was to be replaced, but it has not been confirmed officially. —General French has been active all through the week, engaging the Boers near Coleberg, but has not gained complete control of their line of retreat. —The Boers attacked the British position, but were repulsed, and lost 21 killed and 50 wounded. Fourteen N. S. Wales Lancers were cut off by the Boers near Coleberg; two were killed and six taken prisoners. —The famous war correspondent G. W. Steevens, of the London Daily Mail, died at Ladysmith of fever. —A rising of the natives of Swaziland is feared. —General Roberts has issued an order forbidding looting and granting amnesty for all supplies. —The Boers losses up to date are recorded to be 6,425 men, which would be about balanced by the total British loss. —It is reported that thousands of bullet-proof shields are being manufactured at Sheffield as the British army.

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CANADIAN CULLINGS.

So far 9,000 tons of hay, 2,000 saddles, and large consignments of dried fruits, vegetables, and tinned meats have been purchased here for South Africa. —The National Patriotic Fund is swelling. Canadian banking institutions have contributed freely. —The G. P. Ry. and the G. T. Ry. each have contributed \$15,000. —Another large fire is reported from Dawson City, doing great damage in the business section.

U. S. A. ITEMS.

Uncle Sam issued 2,500,000,000 two-cent postage stamps in 1898. —An uncompleted railway is to be built in New York at a cost of 20 million dollars. —Robbers blew up a safe in a bank at Phillips, W. Va., and secured \$5,000.

UNATTAINED.

In that he won, he did a noble thing,
To win through toil and danger is nobly.
But this, that, heard not Triumph's
plaudits ring.
Heard Heaven's "Well done," because
he dared to climb.
—Ethel MacNish.

THE COMMISSIONER

ATTENTION! SOLDIERS and OFFICERS.

GIVES PLEASURE AND PROFIT
AT THE
CENTRAL PRISON.

The General Wants:

1. That every Soldier should re-dedicate himself to the living of a good, holy and Christ-like life.
2. That every Soldier shall be made responsible for doing his share in the work of sustaining certain specified meetings, and shall accept that responsibility.
3. That every Soldier shall accept the responsibility of contributing such portion of his income as he feels to be his duty before God and his comrades to the support of The Army.
4. That every Soldier shall, so far as health and strength will allow, accept the responsibility for doing a certain specified work, for which he shall report himself and be reported upon.

Sunshine.

Sunshine from without has as little power as gloom to change the sight and sound of the prison interior, unless it be by contrast; but sunshiny influences within have just the same softening, humanizing influences here, as in any freer place. A bit of very welcome and memorable sunshine glinted through the prison walls the other night in Miss Booth's long-promised visit. The entrance of the Commissioner, accompanied by Willie and Pearl, and a handful of her Staff, with instruments of song, created a distinct, though subdued, sensation amongst the uniformed occupants of the spacious chapel. Dr. Gilmore told "the boys" that their visitor needed no introduction, but, nevertheless, spoke a few words of courteous and kindly greeting, which at once presented the Commissioner to the prisoners, and the prisoners to the Commissioner.

The meeting was essentially a bright one—full of that contagious warmth of feeling which a true Salvationist unconsciously yields over the darkest and saddest hearts. Words that were prayed, and words that were spoken, and words that were sung had a tender and earnest ring which winged them straight to the souls of those present. Enjoyment and conviction strangely mingled in the expressions of some.

Children Charmed the Men.

The sweet-voiced appeals of Willie and Pearl have blessed many a crowd, but we think they have never produced a more profound impression than when they sang to the prisoners. The very presence of a little child breathes its own aroma of holy influence, and the unaccustomed sight deepened the furrows on one or two brows with lines of almost painful interest, perhaps traced by some pure recollection of the past. Then the song that they sang—that old, over-new baby's hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old,"—laid its own finger upon memories of prayer-circled childhood, which wove for some the words, "It might have been so different."

Miss Booth's Reading.

The Commissioner's Bible reading was singularly suited to the hour and place, yet with sensitiveness of feeling, words that would drag out the humiliations of their hearers' present position, or particularize the paths which had brought them to it, were instinctively avoided.

"A Limitless Salvation" was the theme—the all-ability of God to deliver every sinner there, and to do it then and now. There was breathless attention. Not a sentence of concise argument and telling illustration was missed by a man. Real contrition was written upon many countenances as the Commissioner closed, while the faces of "saved boys" literally shone with joy.

"Who will declare his determination to seek God?" asked Brigadier Pagnire. The response was touching—seventeen men stood to their feet in a very few minutes, whom the Commissioner specially lifted to God's love and forgiveness in a purring prayer. The final demonstration of pleasure, as well as the constant hand-clapping which had preceded it, spoke the appreciation of the Commissioner's visit, and a wish for its repetition.

POETRY.

Like summer-seeking birds that cross the skies
In mile-high flocks, ten thousand poems
ward flies
Athwart the vault of thought; and up
My arrowed pen, and tells—one tiny,
wounded, trembling thing.
—Phillip Verrill Mighels.



An Officers' Quarters, at Stuttgart, Germany.

THE WAR.

Salvation Army Officers with the Troops—
Their Aid Much Needed—An Appeal
for Funds.

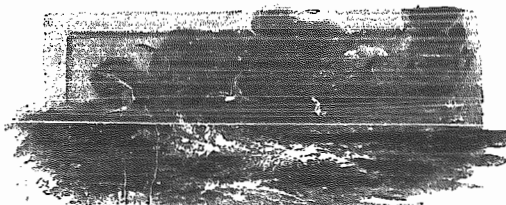
(Special.)

Commissioner Kilbey and Adj. Murray have convinced the military authorities of the advantage of Salvation Army officers accompanying the troops. Major Swalu is at the Modder River, Adj.

Murray is at Estecourt, and Capt. Hurley at Frere Camp, while other officers are elsewhere, and some are at Cape Town ready for service at a moment's notice.

They are all eager to seize the chance of confronting the soldiers, leading meetings when the men are off duty, and tending the wounded and dying.

Help, however, is urgently needed. Commissioner Kilbey is almost at a standstill for the lack of funds. Food is at famine prices. Our officers at the front have to pay for all they require; the London War Cry makes an appeal on behalf of this special branch of our work.



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The alterations at the Temple are going ahead very rapidly. The large hall, it is expected, will be opened in February.

V V V

The General Secretary and his Staff are working night and day on the arrangements for the Commissioner's big Massey Hall meeting. It is a frequent occurrence to see the General Secretary putting a class of children through a drill of some sort.

OFF TO THE WEST!



Major and Mrs. Hargrave and Family Leaving Their Montreal Quarters.

FROM THE FIGHTERS AT THE FRONT

The Best Report of the Week

KALISPELL.—Our hearts rejoiced to see one precious soul starting for the Kingdom, when the invitation song was given out on the first Sunday afternoon in the New Year. Since our last report one of our little Juniors has passed into heaven, sheltered safe within the fold, and we pray God to bless the bereaved parents in this hour of trial. Our War Cry selling continues to be successful, and a dollar for one copy was given. The Judge of the Court here, being busy, neglected buying the War Cry. The next week he told us he was sorry he did not get the War Cry, as he missed it, and was very glad to have one this week. Mr. Conrad, of the National Bank, buys two every week, and sends them to the mines. A gentleman returning from there told Mr. Conrad how rejoiced they were when they saw the papers arrive. The men appreciate our War Cry, and he says it does a great deal of good.—Lieut. Betts, for Capt. Ferrenoud.

A Good Finish to a Day's Fight.

BUKIN.—Scarcely had the invitation been given when a young man fell prostrate at the pulpit front, followed by five other souls. After prayer and faith there came the shout of victory, for all are standing and singing together. "Home by-and-bye when the journey is over." Thus ended our meetings for Sunday, Dec. 18th. We are certainly on the upgrade. Plans are being laid for a good, successful winter.—E. H.

CALGARY.—On New Year's Eve we held a watch-night service, when one wanderer returned to the fold. Since then two more have accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour; many others are deeply convicted.—Bandsman Chas. C. Bishop.

Twenty Dollars to the Good.

CAMPBELLTON.—Since Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson have taken hold of Campbellton corps they have worked hard, and God has blessed them in their labors. They reached both their H. F. and S.-D. targets, raising \$20 in advance of last year, this being the first S.-D. target reached in this corps for three years. The P. O., Major Pickering, and the Chancellor, are giving us a Sunday this month.—Emily White.

CHANNEL.—Although this past week there have been lots of amusements around, yet our meetings have been well attended. Our Christmas Tree was a success. By it we raised \$13, to help forward the completion of our new barracks. Two souls since last report.—S. M. Capt. R. Bidout, Lieut.

DIGBY.—Three souls have sought pardon. Lieut. Traflet has come to help push on the war. Crowds and interest good.—S. Dakin, R. C.

DRAYTON.—Since last report we have been having glorious times. Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell came filled with the Spirit. Good meetings all day Sunday. We believe many souls were convicted, although none yielded.—Rose Cooper.

The Devil's Decey-Ducks.

FARGO.—We have been having some special meetings, and God has blessed our efforts. We had an exhibition of the devil's decey-ducks a week ago Thursday, which resulted in one precious soul getting gloriously saved. Last Thursday we had an auction sale of children. Crowds are good. Captain Hanson has come to help on the work.—M. H. F.

GUELPH.—Had a grand week-end here. Splendid crowds, two souls at the feet of Jesus. Capt. and Mrs. Keeler have just taken charge, and are in for victory.—R. Flat.

HALIFAX I.—A few have been to the Cross this past week, which rejoices our hearts more than anything else.—Wm. Cudde, Treas.

Returned Backsliders Dance for Joy.

HEART'S DELIGHT.—Sunday, from 7 in the morning till late at night God was with us. We closed up at night

with two backsliders saved. How they danced when the burden of sin was gone! It was a real heaven below at Heart's Delight. We are in for victory here this winter. We have just welcomed our new officer here. God bless her.—H. Wiltshire, Cand.

HOULTON.—We are having good meetings and conviction is resting on the unsaved. Thursday night we had with us Sergt-Major McDonald, of Lewiston corps. We had a good meeting, though no souls saved. Good day on Sunday, with two souls for salvation.—Minnie Vandine.

MONTREAL II.—Capts. McNancy and Young have arrived at the Pointe to take charge Sunday night. Major Hargrave farewell. Everything is in good working order.

A Jumble of Interesting Items.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Since last report we have had two enrolled: two Soldiers forward, and three young girls to take their stand for God; a wedding (our worthy Treasurer and Captain Ziebarth, the contracting parties, needless to say, a lovely time); two Christian friends to take their place as Salvationists; a successful Christmas Tree (the Juniors well pleased); a large watch-night service, and a rousing time afterwards; our temporal needs supplied by our comrades and friends; lots of rain; the enthusiasm very fervent; some nice mottoes from our beloved Commissioners, Brigadiers Sharp, Pugmire, Gaskin; and news that Mrs. Ayre's mother was dying, but better news later that there was a change for the better.—M. Ayre, Adj.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Capts. Thompson, Piercy, and Doyle with us for Monday and Tuesday nights. Two souls on Tuesday night. Adj. Magee and Capt. Perry, after some months' hard work here, are farewell. We are sorry to lose our officers. We believe they have done their utmost to promote the interests of the Kingdom in this town.—Minnie Pike.

Major Turner and Ensign Bale Wake the Echoes at Oshawa.

OSHAWA has just been favored with a visit from Ensign Bale, of the C.O.P. Staff. The Ensign conducted a good salvation meeting on Saturday night, when he taught us one or two new choruses, one of which the sisters sang in song style. Sunday's meetings were splendid. Both crowds and collections were A 1. Monday noon we had a meeting at the Malleable Iron Works, and a good number of the employees listened well to our singing and speaking. The Ensign hadn't finished speaking when the whistle blew, and the men had to disperse in all directions, but we had an enjoyable time. At night we had reinforcements in the person of Major Turner, who gave us a very interesting and helpful lecture on "Eight Phases of S. A. Warfare." Captain Meeks, of Brooklyn, who is a splendid hand for taking up a collection: Lieut. Carwardine and Reynolds, of Bowmanville, who gave us some good music and singing. There were the only and original "Dad" McCullough, and other comrades from Bowmanville. After this meeting Major led a soldiers' and friends' meeting, in which he explained briefly our Assistance Fund, being highly backed up by Ensign Bale. Tuesday night found the Ensign and Oshawa officers at Brooklyn, where we had a good meeting and splendid crowd, who seemed to enjoy the meeting. Lieut. Parker sang, and Capt. McCann spoke a few words. The Ensign gave address on "Awake thou that sleepest." No sinners were converted, but we were blessed and Capt. Meeks, who has fought so faithfully for over three months alone at the corps, was much blessed.—J. M. McCann.

PICKTON.—Good meetings all day Sunday. The holiness message was a profitable time, also the afternoon. Sister Ferguson (ex-Cadet Rogers) led the testimony meeting, and a Baptist brother took up the collection at night. One soul at the penitent form.—Lillie DeWitt.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Arrived a few days ago, and since then God has been helping us and giving us victory. Eight souls have been brought to Ehm. Many more are on the point of coming. We

are sure of success. Yesterday we buried Mary, the 6-year-old daughter of Sergt. S. Rice. God bless the bereaved parents.—Jim James, Capt.

A Fifty-Year-Old Bridegroom.

PORT SIMPSON makes more display at Christmas and New Year's than any other place I have seen, or by its size. Our handmaster, with his band of songsters, went around the white man's part of the village, and sang their Christmas anthems. They commenced in front of the Methodist Mission and Crosby's Home for Girls, and everybody was pleased with their singing. Mrs. Fleury, the Government Agent's wife, had a cup of hot coffee and biscuits ready for them, which the more we came as rain had commenced to fall just after the commencement of the singing. The Methodist choir took the native part of the village, and did their part well. Nearly every house, as is the custom, had candles in their windows. I went over nearly half of the village and counted 840 candles, so there must have been at least 1,500 candles burning. Our handmaster and one of the soldiers had the letters "S. A." formed by their lighted candles in their windows. Others had different designs. The village looked beautiful. We had a united watch-night service in the Methodist church. The Methodist missionary, Rev. S. S. Oosterhoff, Rev. W. Hogan (English Church Clergyman), Mr. Tomlinson and myself gave short addresses. Some of the Methodist and some of our people prayed. The large church was nearly full. It was an object-lesson of unity. The first of the wedding last Friday. The barracks was full. Everybody enjoyed themselves, especially the groom. He was 50 years old, or over. When he was asked to repeat the paragraph: "I do solemnly declare that I know no other law but the law of God," he said, "I don't want anything to hinder me having this woman," which made the boys laugh. Nearly everybody has a band to play them to their wedding, and also to their graves when they are young women got away. Since Christmas Eve, and has taken up her cross on the march, and testifies for Jesus. Our crowds keep good at the present time, but in a short time they will be going off to their hunting and fishing.

What Came of a Captized Canoe.

Ensign Thorikildsen sent mail down with an Indian and his canoe was captured. The man saved his life but the letters were lost, so six or seven weeks of reports will never reach their destination.—Robt. Smith, Adj.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Victory! Victory! Victory! Souls being saved. Crowds are good.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

Quebec Comes to Light Again.

QUEBEC.—Sunday was a big day to our souls from 7 a.m. till late at night. Shots were flying in all directions and the devil had to retreat. Capt. Bloss has come to help us. Our crowd was very large Sunday night. Bro. Ross farewell for the Transvaal. We are sorry to see him go. He has been a good soldier, and has nobly stood by the flag. We wish him God-speed, and may his light shine among the heathen. Crys all shout out.—Capts. Huxtable and Bloss.

RIDGETOWN.—The past week has been one of blessing. God came very near in our meeting last Sunday night and touched the hearts of the sinners. Capt. Keene weeping their way to the Cross. Lieut. Kitchen, for Captain Halev.

A Record March at Midnight.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Since last report Brigadier Howell has said good-bye. Following came Capt. Hines' farewell work. Five souls of hard, faithful work. Rose's house of hard, faithful work. Rose's beautiful barracks shows her husband's abilities and business qualities; and a rise in the soldiers' roll shows that she did not "hold up" men for money but for their souls also. Christmas brought us a fine tree and its wonderful load of good things. For the choir, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage with us for the Old Year's farewell. Six out for purity and power, and two backsliders seeking pardon and peace. At the watch-night service we consecrated ourselves for more desperate fighting and

Major Turner opened with a swinging song, and conducted the preliminaries as well as the first number, and commissioning of Local Officers and Bandsmen. There was a large array of these, and, judging from their appearance, Staff-Capt. Archibald deserves congratulations upon the choice of his Locals.

Brigadier Gaskin briefly explained the meaning of the S. A. Colors before presenting them to the commanding officer and Color-Sergeants, and then enrolled a number of recruits beneath its folds.

Speeches were called for from Major Horn, Major Collier, Brigadier Mrs. Read, and Brigadier Friedrich, all of whom "broke forth in Niagara of eloquence," or presented "bouquets of oratorical flowers," according to the announcement of the General Secretary, who followed suit.

Brigadier Pugmire read the concluding verses of the famous eleventh chapter of Hebrews, saying, in the light of those verses, even the hardest post in the Salvation Army would be rosy and pleasant to him. He was going in the strength of God and was confident of victory.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the soldiers and officers present adjourned to the Junior Hall, where a very nice supper had been prepared by some of the sisters, and everybody did full justice to the occasion.

Brigadier Pugmire was visibly touched by this spontaneous manifestation of esteem and comradeship. May abundant blessings go with him to his new sphere of labor.—B. R. F.

CORPS CORRESPONDENTS' CONFIDENTIAL CHAT



Taking up the thread of what we were saying last week, we pass to one of the first principles of punctuation, a rule which is singularly little observed even by the writers quite correct in many other ways, viz., the use and abuse of capital letters.

There are three kinds of mistakes in this direction made by some of our reporters—and for the matter of that, by a great many who are not, but we are

dealing with ourselves now, and hence we will look at our own faultiness or praise-worthiness only, as the case may be. If other readers and writers find the cap fits, they may put it on.

The first mistake is by the man who capitalizes everything. The most insignificant parts of speech rank with the highest in his report. There is scarcely a word which he does not begin with a capital, and we have to go wading through the whole to discover what his ornamented lines mean.

Then there is the correspondent who goes to the other extreme and ignores big letters altogether. A very screwed-up meagre-looking report is his, taking just as much time as the foregoing to make out—to find where sen-

tences begin and where they end, and to pick out what is the name of a person and what is the name of a thing.

Lastly, and this is the worst of the three, there is the pen which combines the faults of both of these in a most distracting way. In this specimen of writing you find the name of a place, like Toronto or Halifax, written with a small letter, while a word like barracks or meeting has a flourishing capital.

So much for fault-finding, only enough to show the need of the following hints as to when and where to use a capital letter at the beginning of a word.

Use a capital for all proper names of people, such as General William Booth; of places, such as Toronto, Canada; of special titles, such as the Bible, the

Prodigal Son, the Old Testament, etc., etc.

Use a capital for all words that speak of God, whether King of Kings, Jehovah, Prince of Peace, Son of God, Holy Ghost, Rock of Ages, etc., etc. All other words which refer to God should also be capitalized, such as, "God's power was felt in the meetings, bless His holy Name."

Use a capital for all titles, such as General, Major, Captain, President, Mayor, etc.

Use a capital for points of the compass when representing special parts of the country, such as the ice-bound North, the beautiful East, the sunny South, or the fertile West.

Use a capital for the beginning of direct quotations, such as: "The Captain said, 'Now is the time to get saved,'" but do not use a capital for an indirect quotation, such as: "The Captain said that 'there was danger in delaying salvation.'"

Always use a capital letter for the beginning of a sentence.

greater usefulness, and at 12:30 a.m. we had a march. About 50 of the boys went with us. They love the Army and would make splendid Blood-and-Fire soldiers in our ranks, but they are coming soon, some have stepped over the line lately, and are bright, happy fellows, and more will follow. Monday night a number of the comrades were commissioned as Local Officers, and one man knelt at the Mercy Seat.—A. C., for Capt. Gooding and Lieut. Long.

SELKIRK.—Sunday, Dec. 31st, six meetings. One soul in the Fountain and others deeply convicted. Soldiers dined at the quarters on New Year's Day. God bless our officers.—Mrs. Taylor.

Ninety Natives Have Found Salvation.

SKAGWAY scores Self-Denial victory. Warm-hearted followers of Jesus Christ, of other regiments, entered heartily into the effort. The Christmas War Cry well liked here. The supplement adorns the walls of the humble cabins of lonely bachelors. The native work continues to advance. Over 90 have sought salvation. Their singing is very good. White people much interested.—Adj. and Mrs. McGill.

ST. CATHARINES.—"Poor Mike," having got astray in his travelling experience, failed to arrive on Saturday night, as announced, so in place of him we had "A Night with the Recording Angel," and "Ensign W. H. Burrows, T. F. S." The Ensign was with us over Sunday. We had a beautiful time, with five souls out for holiness and two for salvation.—Lieut. E. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

SUDBURY.—Another week of victory. Christmas night found three seekers at the Cross. Our watch-night service was a time long to be remembered. Soldiers danced for joy, and we all pledged ourselves to make this year the best ever known.—M. Stephens, and J. McLennan.

SYDNEY MINES.—Last Saturday night we had a children's jubilee, which was a good success. Over \$7 income (not bad for a little corps like this).—L. Doyle, Capt.

TILT COVE.—Lieut. Locke said goodbye after a stay of about six months, and we welcome Lieut. Flood. The past two weeks three souls have been saved, and we have smashed our S.-D. target.—L. Smart, R. C.

UXBRIDGE.—Since last report we have had two cases of salvation. Both were bucksliders, who got the victory again. Thursday evening we had "Living Pictures," and tableaux; and in spite of a big snow storm, quite a nice little crowd turned out. Interest is re-

AN OLD SOLDIER GOES HOME.

Saved the First Day the Army Came to Halifax.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

Death has been in our midst the past week, claiming for its victim our bo-



COMRADE
MRS. WARE.

Promoted to
Clory
from Halifax,
N. S.

tion she was to them. One soul came to Jesus for salvation. May the Lord bless Bro. Ware and family in their sorrow.—William Casbin, Treasurer, Halifax, I.



A Manitoba Stock Ranch.

living and meetings are well attended.—H. L. and F. Y., C. O's

WYOMING.—On the first Sunday night in the New Year one laic came and gave her heart to God. Her testimony at roll call was, "I'm glad I turned to God and sought salvation, and when I sought Him I found Him." We are believing to thank her into a soldier.—M. J. Carr, Capt.

loved comrade, Mrs. Ware, wife of Sergeant Ware, of this corps, but who resides at Cole Harbor.

Our sister has been a sufferer for a long while, which she bore with Christian patience. She leaves a husband and six of a grown-up family to mourn her loss. She and her husband came to the penitent form together the first day the Salvation Army opened fire in this city, under Capt. Nellie Banks (now Mrs. Adj. Maltby). Our sister, though unable through distance and circumstances to get to many meetings, was loyal and faithful to the Army, and to her blessed Lord. Quite a while before she died she was unable to speak, but was conscious, and when asked about her soul's welfare, would readily give reply by signs which she made with her hands that all was well. At one time, before she lost her speech, she thought she was dying. She summoned her husband and some of her children to her bedside, and told them she was going to be with Jesus, or words to that effect. Adj. McLennan, and Capt. Lamont, with a number of Local Officers and soldiers, went down to Cole Harbor in a sleigh. The service held in the house was very impressive. The funeral was well attended, showing the high esteem our sister occupied in the minds of the people. After a short burial service we committed our beloved comrade to her last earthly resting-place. The memorial funeral march and service were very touching and affecting, many being in tears as the meeting went on. Several comrades testified to her faithfulness and what an inspira-

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

She came to the meetings night after night;
Her soul was awakened—she longed for the light;
But friends drew her back to the gay, careless world,
And o'er God's blisful light sin's dark curtain hurried.

Still further and further they led her away,
Till at length her poor soul was completely astray;
Deeper the darkness than ever before,
For, seeing the light, she neglected to soar.

Down, down she sank into sin's miry clay.

Into worse follies she plunged every day;
On the altar of Fashion she sacrificed all.

In mad disregard for the end of it all.

But the end drew on swiftly, though she saw it not;

The hours spent in folly their own reward brought;

Laid low on a sick bed, she pondered her ways,

And stern retribution encountered her gaze.

In vain they now sought to make peace for her soul;

She cried, "Floods of bitterness over me roll;

God's wrath is kindled; I trampled His love.

Slighted the Gift that He sent from above."

Slowly she sank till the last hour was spent,

Death o'er her couch with a hungry gaze bent.

"Mother," she whispered, "bring here the silk gown

With which you once bribed me back to the gay town."

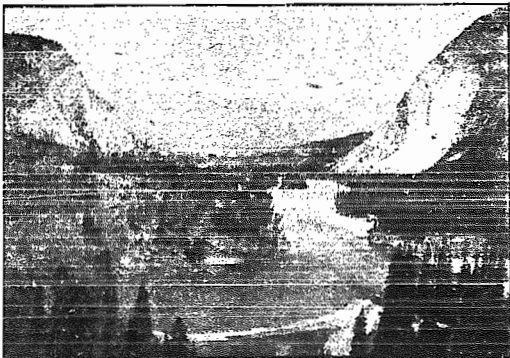
She clasped the rich silk in her poor wasted palm,

While o'er her pale features had settled death's calm.

She whispered, and out with the words her life stole,

"Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!"

—Elsie M. Graham.



A British Columbia Valley.

Financial Secretary's Siftings

Forgotten the Cry this quarter, did you say? Well, no. Nothing to report there is that. Well, that's just where you're mistaken again, for this has been the

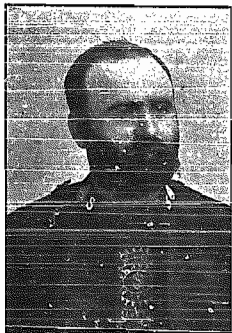
Best Quarter for Box Money

for some time, in fact, since 1897, as you will see if you care to read down this column.

Well, what is the reason you have not reported, then? It is just this: Since the Social Secretary fawelled the F. S. has been acting in

A Two-Fold Capacity

and has done the work of the S. S. in addition to his own, which has kept him busy all the time, but must now say a few words about the friends of Lazarus.



Major Collier, Financial Secretary.

Last quarter the query was, "Will Ensign Andrews be allowed to hold the position he has taken, and lend the Territory?" and we also predicted great things from the Western Warriors, and now the position has changed, the Westerners have

Captured Andrews' Position

and lend the way with \$207.43, or an increase of \$83.31 on last quarter. Fire a volley for the West!

Ensign Ottaway, in addition to her own work, has been assisting with the collection for the new barracks in Winnipeg, in fact, most of her time has been spent at that; nevertheless, she has found time to gather up in her six cups

\$111.85 for Lazarus.

Ensign Perry, for his part of the Province, has done the magnificent sum of \$15.63. Well done, my hearties, I'm proud of you.

I know you are anxious about the Eastern champion, and want to know what caused his downfall this time, and to what extent he has suffered. Well, you see, he

Went to Bermuda

early in December, or, at least, some time before the quarter was finished, and had to close up his quarter's work early. Still it is a chance if he could have held his own against the fearful odds of the West. He has, however, gone over last quarter's amount, and sends \$249.49. Bravo, Eastern Province!

We hoped last quarter that the C. O. P. would rise to first place, or, at least, keep second, but

That Strategic Move

of the two Western Warriors has let them down one more, and they now occupy third place, yet they have an increase on last quarter of \$19.35, which brings their total up to \$199.42. It is a pity they did not get the one \$200. The D. F. S. got \$74.44 and the T. P. S. \$124.68. Watch them next quarter. Will they lead?

I am sorry to have to report that East Ontario has met with

A Rather Serious Reverse

and the loss to date is \$16.25 on last quarter; the total returned amounts to \$114.03, but Ensign Parker is too brave a general to give in over one seeming defeat, and will form his forces into fighting position again. Let us hope that ere the end of March he will have gained a great victory.

Yes, I quite agree with you that West Ontario should occupy a much better position than they do, but, you see, circumstances have been against them. They have been

Fighting Without a General

for some time, and the present one did not arrive until late in the quarter, but now that he has been over the field and strengthened the weak places, they will make a forward movement right away. They captured \$98.36 as it was, and already, during the first two weeks of the new quarter, he has more than a quarter of that amount to hand. They "Hodd-(n)not to be behind again.

Pacific Province. Oh, yes, that is in the far West, and is the farthest from the place where the sun rises, but it remains light there after some of the eastern places have become dark again. The

C. B. M. General is a Strategist.

at the business, and will, we hope, do something worthy of the west this quarter. \$83.07 are his figures for December, which means an increase of \$15.46 over last quarter, so you see the sun is rising, and I fancy that both East and West Ontario will need to keep a-moving to keep out of the way by March 31st.

Sorry to have to report Newfoundland not to hand yet, but the distance from the war office and the inconvenience of getting mails, especially at this time of the year, has made it

Impossible to Get Returns

to date. Yes, I think this is all to-day. Oh, by the way, I almost forgot to tell you that the total without Newfoundland, was \$1010.40, or an increase on last quarter of \$76.96.

Good-evening, air; call again.—T. H. C.

What Think Ye of Christ?

Answers by Great Men.

Salvation clothed in our flesh.—Sibbes.

—//—

A Jew first; a Cosmopolitan afterwards.—Dr. John Duncan.

—//—

The personal Unity of authority and grace.—Martensen.

—//—

The Creator of the eternal religion of humanity.—Rennan.

—//—

The Guide of our pilgrim troop in quest of a holy land.—Martineau.

—//—

The Fullness of Deity framed in the likeness of humanity.—Martensen.

—//—

The Incarnation of the law, the Inmarinate Conscience of the race.—Martensen.

—//—

The Jacob's Ladder upon Whom the angels ascend and descend.—Sibbes.

—//—

Christ is the River of Forgetfulness in which by-gone guilt is overwhelmed.—F. W. Robertson.

—//—

The overflowing Word; the deep and beautiful soliloquy of the Most High.—Dr. Martineau.

—//—

The Mediator through Whom alone the soul is drawn up into the embrace of the Divine love.—H. Sears.

—//—

The one Catholic Man, the one Ideal of humanity, for Whose presence in, and action on, history none of the known forces that energize in the moral and spiritual worlds can account.—Rev. C. A. Row, M.A.

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Jesus, the Word of God made flesh; the Worker of amazing miracles upon the bodies and souls of men; the Conqueror of sin; the Saviour by suffering; and, behind all these, and for the purpose for which He is all these, the Redeemer of man into the Fatherland of God.—Phillips Brooks.

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The Divine Image in the Father, the Elder Brother, the Sinless One, the Friend of sinners, Who went about doing good; never sparing rebuke, yet to Whom all sinners must go for confession; Who called His chosen ones not servants, but friends, and having loved His own, loved them to the end.—Professor Jowett.

'Behold! Come Quickly.'

A WARNING TO SINNERS.

By CAPT. HURST.

The people of Medicine Hat have once again been impressed with the solemn fact that life is short, and that death is sure, and no respecter of persons.

Scarcely had the New Year dawned upon us, when the dreadful news was brought to the quarters that a young man, who had attended our meetings so often, had been called to meet God. He was a man of fine appearance, strong and healthy, and to look at him as he sat in the meeting on New Year's Eve, we would have thought he had years before him, and no doubt that death was the last thought in his mind. He went out with the crowd as the prayer meeting started, little thinking it would be the last time, but God willed that it should be so. Before 7:30 the next morning he was in eternity.

The sad affair cast quite a gloom over the town, and, I believe, made quite an impression on the young men of this place. He was a brakeman employed on the C. P. R., and while working around the cars he was suddenly struck down, and the question that comes to us all through this sudden death is, "Am I prepared to meet death?" and, "Is it well with my soul?"

I trust that those who read this (if unsaved) may decide at once and make sure work for eternity. The devil tries to persuade men and women that there is lots of time, but God says, "Now is the accepted time." Delays are dangerous. Don't neglect your soul's salvation. "Not to-night," may mean never. Sinner, beware, lest Christ, coming suddenly, shall find you sleeping in your sins. The devil tries to rock people to sleep, and, oh! how many wake up to find the door of mercy has been shut; and thousands to-day are crying, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." It may be your case if you don't decide for Christ NOW. May He help you.

There's only one step between you and death.

There's only one step between you and death.

Then sinner flee to Calvary And seek a pardoning God.



Sergeant-Major McPherson.

Special Correspondent, Glace Bay.

What a B.C. Army Souldier Says About the "Life of John Read."

I have read your book through and enjoyed it very much. I have been lending it to my neighbors, and they think it a very good book. Brigadier John Read surely was a real Christian man. I remember him well when he was at Mt. Vernon B. C. I hope you will be able to sell thousands of those books, because they will do a lot of good. It does me good to read the book, it renews my desires to be a follower of God and the Salvation Army.

TWILIGHT.

Like Ruth, she follows when the reaper.

Day.
Let fall the tender shadows in her way;
Then—winnowing the darkness—home again.
She counts her golden grain.

—John B. Tabb.



THE GREEKS.

CHAPTER XXV.

GREEK UNDER ROME.

For three hundred years Greece formed several provinces of the Roman Empire, garrisoned by Roman troops and under the direct rule of Roman magistrates. There was some semblance of self-government left to the cities to keep the people contented.

About the year 300 A. D., the barbarian nations of the Danube threatened to invade Thraace and Thessaly, an made occasional raids into rich villages which they robbed. The Roman Empire at the time was getting weaker, and the Emperor, Diocletian, decided that was beyond the power of one man to keep such an extensive territory in subjection. He, therefore, divided the Empire into two parts, making his friend Maximian, Emperor of the East, and the Greek-speaking half, while he retained the West, or Latin-speaking part.

The two halves were again joined under Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. He considered it more in the centre of his territory if he moved his capital to Greece, and a selected the ancient city of Byzantium which he beautified and re-named Constantinople.

Another Emperor, Julian, a cousin of Constantine, was so fascinated by the ancient philosophies, still taught in Athens, the city of learning, that he seriously thought of again enforcing the old heathen ways and worship. He was, however, killed in an expedition against Persia, and the old idol-worship soon fell into disuse.

Christian Bishops were appointed to every city, and these Bishops again were under the control of Patriarchs. Greece was under the Patriarch of Constantinople.

The early Christian worship was, in general, fashioned much after the Jewish ceremony, and the candles were generally an imitation of the Temple in Jerusalem. Christianity now became popular, and with its popularity pride and worldliness crept in, also grosse sins. Many grieved at this and retired to little islands and desert places. These people were called hermits, and the foundation of the monastery system which so flourished in after years.

Theodosius was a good Emperor, once letting his wrath lead him into great cruelty. The Thessalonians had mobbed and killed their governor and some of his officials, who had imprisoned a popular chariot-rider, whom the people were wont to have take part in the public races. The Emperor, upon hearing the news, gave orders to a crew captain to punish the Thessalonians, and the latter, delighted with the mission, hastened off before the Emperor could repent. This captain invited all the Thessalonians into the circus, shut the doors, and then set his soldiers kill them without distinction. The Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, made the Emperor wait as a common penitent for many months, ere he vouchsafed him pardon.

After Theodosius died, the Eastern half of the Roman Empire became conquered by the German nations; but the East remained for a long time under a Emperor. The Church, however, remained one, with a Pope at Rome and a Patriarch at Constantinople.

In the eleventh century a dispute arose between this Patriarch and the Pope over some part of the space of the church was divided into the Greek Church, under the Patriarch, and the Roman Church, under the Pope.

(To be continued.)

A Testimonial from Japan.

Mrs. Colonel Bailey writes appreciatively of the "Life of John Read," and says that to express her feelings mildly she is deluged with it, and is sure the book will be the means of much blessing to all who read it.

The "Life of John Read" has had a splendid sale, and letters come in almost daily to that effect. Read, says the reviewer, it has been to its readers.

Mrs. Read has still a few copies to dispose of. If you wish to purchase, order at once.

Price 50c, paper 30c.

HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

A Brilliant Victory for West Ontario.

THE CENTRAL AND EAST ONTARIO DEFEATED AND THOROUGHLY ROUTED.

Brigadier Howell Turns the Fortunes of the Day.

LOST—THE EASTERN PROVINCES!

A Fenian Raid Scarcely!

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province	- - 90
Central Ontario Province	- - 93
East Ontario Province	- - 93

Most stirring news! Brigadier Howell, commander of the London forces, has achieved a glorious victory, and put to flight both the Central and East Ontario forces. Mounted on his fiery Arab, he directed operations so brilliantly that after a severe encounter, both Brigadier Gaskin and Brigadier Pugmore, who, by the way, has just taken Major Hargrave's place, were seen in full flight, their troops retreating in much disorder.

Too much praise cannot be given to the bravery and tact of the West Ontario forces. They have changed the whole aspect of the war, and we predict a succession of brilliant victories.

(Personal to M. G.—Were you not unduly influenced into surmising a threatened Fenian raid by the appearance of two such jaw-breakers as Captain Kahngayabsegagoo and Lieutenant Wahbshikeshagagoo in the C. O. P. Honor Roll? Don't be alarmed. I assure you you have no cause. These names are, I understand, the Indian titles given to Capt. Palling and Lieut. Pattender, of Little Current. I am unable to give the correct meaning of the above-mentioned words, but seeing Capt. Palling is over six feet high, and Lieut. Pattender somewhere approaching it, I imagine they have some reference to "sky-scrapers." Will Capt. Kai—(pleased add the other letters when you have an afternoon off) kindly enlighten our ignorance?

Adj. Phillips, of Jamaica (no relation to my dear colleague, Staff-Capt. Phillips, of London, Ont., so far as I know) sends me the following item, which I am pleased to include in these notes:

"Jamaica, W. I.—One of our female officers recently had seven shillings stolen out of her quarters while she was holding a meeting in the adjoining barracks. The greater portion of this money was for the sale of War Cry, and it was impossible for the Captain to replace it. In fact, it had to be transmitted to the following day. So she asked the Lord, in faith, to show her in a dream who the thief was, and to make him bring the money back. God answered both her petitions, and although she would have pardoned the man, he has since then from somebody else, and is to be tried for it, and will probably be sent to prison."

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov.	- - H.W. - - 50
Pacific	- - 39
Nfld.	- - 14
Klondike	- - 3
Totals,	- - 106

Once more the defaulting East!

The North-West is fully maintaining its reputation. The wily "War Whoop" will win world-wide worship! (When I

No news from the lee-bound Yukon yet. We may be sure, however, that Lieut. Aikens, of sterling renown, is booming away.

The gallant little steed, Senkskin, whose owner bears the historic name of Sharp (look up "Ancient Scottish History," by Snooks, for record of Sharp family) is still cowering over the expansive veldt of Terra Nova, to the accompaniment of martial music from fourteen merry musicians!

Will Broncho, of Spokane memory, please move on a bit faster? Not so much bucking at the old 40 fence. Get on the other side of it and stay there. Your opportunity is a good one. The new rider, whose name is Hargrave, will surely impress the Province with the need of an advance.

A certain correspondent, who shall be nameless, sends in the returns of sales thus: "C— W—, average sales 61 (40 last week, 21 this)." Will our correspondent please bear in mind that "total" does not mean "average"?

DE WAR (CRY) FEVER CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM.



Rufus Jackson, of Ossumville, West Ontario Province, to his bosom friend, Pete Johnson, of the same village: "Say, Pete, I see de West Ontario troops is agin habbergasted, an' in need of support. Here's a lad what's goin' to de front. I feel in my honores de ragin' desire to help on dis jist cause. So, good-bye, mate, an' tell all me late friends w' I am at."

(The latest news is that the W. O. forces have won a great victory.—Ed.)

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	109
Lieut. Kauchle, Brantford	101
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe	110
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia	105
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	83
Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	77
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	70
Ensign Slote, Dresden	70
Ensign Glembo, Wallaceburg	68
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	63
Sergt. Yeoman, Chatham	63
Sister Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Keeler, Guelph	60
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	59
Capt. Mathers, St. Thomas	58
Capt. Treater, Tilsonburg	53
Ensign Wakefield, London	54
Mrs. Schwartz, Guelph	53
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	53
Mrs. Wakefield, Dresden	50
Capt. Holman, Chatham	50
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	50
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	50
Ensign McLeod, Call	50
Sergt. Mrs. McGinn, Bluebeim	50
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	50
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	50
Francis Brb, Berlin	45
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	41
Capt. McOutehoun, Seaforth	40
Sister Roubillard, Chatham	40

Capt. Copeman, Thedford	40
Capt. Hoekin, Norwich	39
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	38
Lieut. Stickells, Berlin	38
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Bro. Smith, Stratford	35
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	35
Mrs. Cole, Tilsonburg	35
Capt. White, Listowel	35
Capt. Wiseman, Bothwell	35
Fred Palmer, London	35
Mrs. Cooper, Goderich	35
Lillo Dixon, St. Thomas	34
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway	31
Mrs. Leather, Stratford	30
Sister Musgrove, Stratford	30
Mother Cutting, Essex	30
Eva Simpson, Guelph	30
Lieut. Edwards, Paris	30
Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	30
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Bluebeim	30
Mrs. Harris, London	30
Corps Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	30
Maud Durant, Galt	29
Annie O'Donnell, Galt	28
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway	28
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	27
Capt. Carr, Wyoming	27
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	27
Lieut. Thompson, Seaforth	27
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Essex	27
Gertie Simpson, Guelph	27
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	27
Ensign Collier, Wingham	27
Sergt. Mrs. Anderson, Watford	27
Mrs. Pickle, Leamington	27
Capt. White, Riverside	40
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	40
S. B. Bracebridge	40
Capt. Conners, Dundas	40
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	40
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	40
Bro. Ruston, Ligar St.	40
Bro. Macneil, Owen Sound	40
Serv. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	42
Ensign Walker, Richmond	40
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	40
Capt. Bowers, Meaford	40
Capt. Sherrin, Huronville	40
Lieut. Greenwell, Huntsville	40
Cadet Matheson, Lippincott	40
Lieut. Stickells, Meaford	40
Father Dixon, Temple	40
Capt. McCann, Oshawa	39
Serv. Mrs. Oshawa	39
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	37
Lieut. Waage, Yorkville	35
Capt. Kahngayabsegagoo, Little	35
Current	35
Lieut. Wahbshikeshagagoo, Little	35
Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge	35
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	35
Bro. Tuck, Ligar St.	35
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I.	32
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton I.	32
Capt. Walsh, Brampton	31
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	31
Lieut. Calvert, St. Catharines	30
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	30
Sergt. Gibbs, Yorkville	30
Capt. Yeager, Cambridge	30
Capt. Meeks, Brooklin	30
Capt. Lott, Guelph	30
Capt. Brant, Richmond	30
Cadet Carley, Lippincott	30
Cadet Christopher, Lippincott	30
Cadet Patterson, Lippincott	28
Lieut. Stickells, Midland	27
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	27
Cadet Bishop, Temple	27
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton I.	25
Mrs. Killinbeck, Lindsay	25
Sister E. Howell, Riverside	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	25
Serv. Daniels, Hamilton I.	25
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott	24
Cadet Greenfield, Temple	24
Cadet McGee, Temple	24
Cadet Fennear, Temple	23
Cadet Plant, Temple	22
Cadet Leason, Temple	22
Lieut. Young, Cambridge	22
Cadet Price, Lippincott	22
Cadet Marshall, Temple	21
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Banks, Hamilton I.	20
Sister F. Gee, Hamilton I.	20
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
S. M. Bowerman, Newmarket	20
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	20
Serv. Mrs. Marx, Bracebridge	20
Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	20
Sister Lapp, Ligar St.	20
S. M. Tuck, Ligar St.	20
Capt. Nelson, Brampton	20
Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines	20
Sister Carden, Yorkville	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Lieut. Longford, Ottawa	200
Capt. Berch, Rockville	121
Sergt. Dunford, Ottawa	117
Capt. Mumford, St. Albans	110
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans	109
Lieut. Lawlor, Newport	100
Capt. Brindley, Morrisburg	100
Lieut. Allie, St. Johnsbury	90
Capt. Woods, Derereton	88
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	87
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Picton	84
Capt. Leverett, St. Johnsbury	80
Capt. McNaney, St. Johnsbury	80
Sergt. Major Perkins, Barre	80
Francis Gilliam, Renfrew	79
Capt. Green, Perth	70
Capt. Moore, Montreal I.	73
Capt. Campbell, Hope	70
Capt. French, Peterboro	70
Capt. Brown, Burlington	70
Lieut. Breakers, Montreal H.	70
Lieut. Lang, Colouarg	67
Adj. Gaudin, Cornwall	65
Capt. Fletcher, Cornwall	65
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	62
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	60
Mark Spencer, Peterboro	60
Capt. Randall, Remorquo	60
Ensign Staines, Remorquo	55
Lieut. Thompson, Stawell	55
Sergt. Major Simons, Kingston	51
Serv. Richard, Montreal IV.	50
Ensign Ward, Kingston	50
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	50
Adj. Knapp, Belleville	48
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	48
Sister Homan, Campbellford	46
Edgar E. Barrett, Belleville	45
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Serv. Mrs. Fenbrook	44
Serv. Mrs. Fenbrook	40
Capt. Capt. Beachell, Tweed	40
Lieut. Lullow, Newport	40